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THE STORY TELLER.

From the Mother's Assistant.

"Saw Up and Saw Down."

By MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

"We must have some new furniture, and that soon," said a gentleman, taking a leisurely survey of the parlors, one morning, toothpick in hand. "I have been looking at our cousin Madison's—very fine, theirs; really, ours begins to look shabby, aristical."

"How, father?" asked one of the three boys who followed him in the survey.

"Arkish, my son; it looks as if it were from the ark; quite out of date; we must have new."

"Not for the present, my dear," observed a lady, rising from the breakfast-table, and following on; "this will answer for some time to come; it is hardly ten years old, and you know how handsome it was considered then."

"Yes, and do you remember how chicken-hearted you were—afraid it was beyond our means?" said the gentleman, chuckling; "but it looks old now—out of date, at least—beside our cousin Madison's."

"Why make any one our standard?" asked the wife.

"Look at these three boys to provide for," as she patted Phil's early coat.

"Ah, we'll look out for them—time enough for that," he replied, as he complacently surveyed them. "But we must not be snug; something is due to our station: upon, which he drew himself up, a little pompously, called

"Yes, to support it with sufficient economy to lay up something for rainy days."

"Your rainy days, Jane! the weather will take care of itself," he said, good-naturedly, going out of the room; then thrusting his head into the door, added, "I will send the porter up with those things, if he is not too busy."

"Let the boys go, my dear," besought the lady; "here are Madison and Philip, who would give all the world for something to do."

"Yes, mother! yes, mother! let us go! I should be the two."

"No, no; let the porter do those things; cousin Madison's boys—"

"Must not be patterns for ours," playfully interrupted the wife, placing her hand on his mouth.

"Do you think it best for the boys to go? they can't bring it."

"Yes, further yes! let us try! there's nothing like trying, mother says," eagerly declared the two.

"One mother is for your working; well, perhaps it is best, under all circumstances. Come with me; and so from his handsome parlors departed Mr. Philip K. my father, a rich merchant as the world reputed him, with his two eldest, Philip and Madison—pale, slender boys, often and eight years.

Some time passes away; and although the subject of new furniture was frequently brought up, and cousin Madison Jones's sufficiently commented upon, yet my mother never cordially assented to its being bought; not needing it, to her was synonymous with not buying it.

At length, a few days before Thanksgiving, a rocking-chair, in the newest and easiest style of twenty-five years ago, entered the front door, the precursor of a handsome set of furniture for the parlors. Our mother looked at it somewhat ungraciously, and drowned our exclamations by her silence. At dinner when our father appeared, he threw himself into the new rocking-chair, saying, "Ah! Jane, this is just what I want this minute. I am shockingly tired."

My mother's head dropped upon the pillow, and she sobbed in agony. It was the chamber of death. I clung to her knee. "Mother dear mother!" I whispered, something between joy and sorrow, and terror; "do let me stay with you!" She looked around, then taking me up, clasped me convulsively to her bosom, while her tears scalded my cheek.

"My poor fatherless boy! Oh God! thy will be done!" she exclaimed, as she laid her cold, wet cheek upon my forehead. "Dear, dear mother! I whispered, something between joy and sorrow, and terror; "do let me stay with you!"

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By-and-by my mother appeared. Cousin Madison's opinions were not long concealed—

"That big yard Jane! that's going to be a trouble

world to do when I begged a story, or my squares wanted basting. You see I have not forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the love of the musty law-books which lined my office.

Three weary weeks—weeks of anxiety and painful solitude, and faithful devotion on my mother's part, at the sick bed—but alas! skill, or medicine, or nursing, or prayer, availed nothing. My father was sinking! Madison and Philip were suffered to roam at large—a freedom which they enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The servants went about on tiptoe, and whispered one to another. The doctor came often. Strange faces appeared now and then in the entry. I was left to take care of myself, until Nancy put me into the parlor, and bade me be a good boy. Soon a gentleman came in, and kindly taking me from the carpet, where I had sorrowfully laid down, placed me upon his knees, calling me "his poor little boy." Cousin Madison Jones entered, and he, so tall and big who never spoke to little children, patted me on the arm, saying, "Ah! poor little fellow, you can't realize it—no, no!" and then he suffered me to take in my hand his cane—his Brazilian cane, with a dog's head carved upon the hilt; the cane which he had forbidden me even to touch. The cane pleased me but for a moment; then I looked up into their faces to learn wherefore this tenderness. I felt it meant something, a sad something, and instinctively called for my mother.

"Poor little fellow, your mother can't come to you," said the gentleman, gently laying my head upon his bosom.

"I wish I could see my mother," I whispered, with a choking in my throat.

"Your mother, child! no! Don't ask for your mother; she don't want to see you," declared Mr. Madison Jones, stopping in his walk across the room, with a stern and chiding look.

Notwithstanding the choking in the throat, and a blur on the eyes, I suddenly rubbed my little thin hands across my eyes, and said rapidly to myself, "I must try to be a man's mother; I must not cry—no, Johnney must not cry!" It was a hard struggle, but Johnney did not cry; he laid patiently and sorrowfully in the gentleman's arms.

That night Nancy undressed and put me in my trundle-bed scarcely speaking, nor did she stop to hear my prayers, nor did mother come in to give me my good night kiss, as she always had. What fears filled my little bosom! I was awed and frightened by the strange stillness of every thing and every body. I tossed restlessly about. I talked aloud to keep myself company. I said my prayers over and over again, to comfort my heart and keep up my courage. When at last, it seemed as if my mother even had for-saken me, I kept up my stout heart by shouting, "Jesus loves little children, he does—mother says. I am sure he does; mother read it to me."

"That neighborhood is so bad for the boys; and besides there is no yard for them to work in," argued my mother.

"A yard! what do you want a yard for?" asked cousin Madison, testily.

"Then they can play a great deal with our boys, and often take their meals with us; every little helps," added Mrs. Cousin Madison. My mother thanked her, but inwardly begged to be excused from too great an amalgamation of the boys. She said she would take time to think, and endeavor to place herself in a situation for the best good of her sons.

Behold us, then, in four months time, at home in a village, five miles from—, a village of which my mother knew very little, except its neat, well-ordered appearance, and its excellent clergyman. A cottage presents too many potential associations to indicate truly our new dwelling. It was a simple one-story house that had been yellow—somewhat unprepossessing without, perhaps, but within it had two nice chambers in the attic, a pleasant sitting room, bed room and kitchen. Its chief attraction to my mother was a small barn and a large yard, a part of which behind the house seems to have been the remains of a garden by some early occupant: straggling current bushes were discovered among the grass, and some stunted gooseberries in the corners. A small farm was on one side, and Mr. Giles's great hay-field on the other; the sparks and coals of a blacksmith's shop opposite, the blue sky above us, with the sun-rising and sun setting all in sight, and green pastures almost within a stone's throw.

We were scarcely settled, when Mr. Madison Jones and a gentleman rodded out to see us. My mother was absent, but soon to return. Meanwhile they surveyed the premises; then coming in, they sat down. I was in my little chair surrounded with playthings. Regarding me as a plaything, too, they talked freely.

"This big yard! what's it for?"

"Better taken snug little rooms in town; joined his company.

"She says it is for the boys. What do they want of a big yard? They take care of it! They work! I never found boys good for anything yet. There are my four boys; of what use are they to me? All they want is to be waited upon. She has missed it, or I am mistaken; but women must have their own way."

"Women have no judgment!" So commented our cousin, Mr. Madison Jones, unheeding the little lame boy, who devoured every word he said.

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Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 25, 1849.

Old Series, No. 9, Volume 17.

world to do when I begged a story, or my squares wanted basting. You see I have not forgot the technicalities of sewing, despite the love of the musty law-books which lined my office.

Sad days followed—sad to my mother, sad to my brothers, as they began to realize in the funeral pomp and procession the afflictions which had befallen them; not sadder to me than the days I lived alone in the nursery. Now, I could sit by her side, and look, when I would, up into her pale, sad face.

"You have a great responsibility, certainly—the bringing up of your three boys," said a friend who came to pay my mother a visit of sympathy; "but it is not as though you had not enough to do with; contrasting the luxuries about us with boys? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine!" I dare say she did, as I venture to say she had many times before, which fortified her in her present position.

"We had been at our new home quite a fortnight, when our eldest came to us. He had been at Mr. Madison Jones's nearly ever since our father's death, somewhat against my mother's better judgment, which unavoidable circumstances seemed for a time to control. It was a chilly April twilight when he arrived.

"My mother ran to welcome him, and 'Oh! Daddy!' shouted forth my lips; but Daddy walked unmoved in, and, placing himself before the fire, and his cap in his hand, took his first impression. Our little sitting-room certainly looked the picture of comfort; a neat book-case reflected a bright blaze from the opposite side of the room—a table with a green cloth occupied the centre—and a few valuable

rescued from the sale, adorned the room. Madison did not seem to know whether to suffer himself to be pleased or not.

"Where is Philip?" he asked the eldest. A stirring step was heard in the back entry, upon which Philip opened the door with a log in his hand. "Finished, mother!" finished the pile. "Oh Daddy!" he exclaimed with unexpected delight.

"Finished what?" asked the eldest, with some indications of interest.

"Finished splitting and piling my wood," answered Philip.

"Do you split and pile?"

"Yes, I hope so," answered Philip, as if he had always done it.

"I shan't," declared Madison, with an ungraciousness altogether uncalled for.

"Then you don't belong to our hire," said Philip, stoutly, as he laid on the log.

"You may go back to Mr. Jones's." My mother was preparing tea. "I shan't here, I know Ishan't," said Madison again, after a pause; "it is not a bit like cousin Madison's or our other house. Cousin Madison don't like it either."

"I like it," said Philip, because it has a barn, and such a big yard; and perhaps we shall have a cow some time or other."

"Yes, a beautiful bossy," said I, "just like Mr. Giles's."

"Who will take care of it?" asked Madison.

"You or I?" said Philip, "one of us."

"Ishan't," declared Madison. "Mr. Jones's boys don't have to work. Mr. Jones says it is high time to work when we are men, that we must take all the pleasure we can, when we are young; frolic and have good times." My mother looked anxiously, but still said nothing—Philip and I, were conscious of being damped, decidedly so. At supper, Madison wished he had a taste of bread and milk, he thought people in the country always had bread and milk.

"When we have a cow, we can have a plenty," said Philip.

"And when will that be?" asked Madison, petulantly.

"Just as soon as my sons can earn one," answered my mother. "You know that whatever we get, we must earn with our own hands now.

"When shall you earn a cow boy's?" she asked, in an enquiring tone, just as if we could have tried.

"Ask Mr. Jones to give us one," said Madison.

"We don't want any one to help us, when we can help ourselves, mother says," cried Philip, and mother we will try and earn a cow; get it

our very selves," upon which his black eyes sparkled with interest, in contemplation of the effort.

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our very selves," upon which his black eyes sparkled with interest, in contemplation of the effort.

"That evening, for the first time since my father's death, did she collect her family about her, without the absence of one member, or the intrusion of a visitor. She began to speak of it, putting her voice growl husky, and I saw a glisten in her eye. Instinctively my hand was within hers. Then she turned over the leaves of the great Bible, and arose to go to another part of the room. She came back calmed. "My sons," she said, cheerfully, "we have a dear little home here, and it will be a very happy home, if you all strive to do your part to make it so; and you must help support it too; you have all something to do; little by little, day by day, use your hands to work out some good and useful ends, for your mother and for each other; are you not ready to?" she asked inspiring, and looked at each of us with her large earnest eyes.

"Yes mother," responded Philip, quickly, yes mother, we have got to do, haven't we?"

"To do and never flinch," said our mother with great emphasis; "never fall back, never grumble, never regret, when your duty is plain before you boys."

"But when it is hard?" said Madison looking down at his feet.

"Have more courage, then, must we not mother. I always remember you told me so & great while ago, when I went to school in a snow-storm,"

said Philip, looking up, with fire in his eye; "you

said 'courage Philip! brave it out! don't be afraid of a snow-storm!' then I was not mother."

"Although it does my heart good to recur to these teachings of my mother, yet I will not now linger longer upon this evening, when she first assembled us around the family altar, and dedicated all to the Father of mercies. I remember how she named each name, and commanded us to the restraining providence and the gracious love of our Lord and Saviour. We seemed to feel that something new had happened to us and that we were standing upon higher and more responsible ground than we were ever done before."

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"Employ the money, Jane! it will be nothing but expense; gardens cost, Jane. What can boys do? Depend upon it, you won't get much work out of them. Look at mine!" I dare say she did, as I venture to say she had many times before, which fortified her in her present position.

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"Can't; said she with spirit, "will my son be conquered by a rake? What the saw could not do, shall the rake do?"

"No mother," he answered, with a decision uncommon to him, as he caught her spirit; then he added, looking down, "but I don't want to rake with Mr. Giles' rake."

"There shall never get our heifer, for no body will have Madison now. Mr. Giles turns him away, and Philip dolorously, as his heifer prospect seemed darkened.

"Not have the heifer!" echoed I, ready to cry; there was a long pause. Madison looked as if he felt good for nothing, as if he would give all the world to get out of this responsible corner. "Hoff! or no heifer, was the question, and it seemed to depend upon him, still more upon his work." He looked around for relief, but in the faces of neither mother nor brother did relief appear.

"His mother had not the money to advance, and Philip was doing all he could."

"Take up your mind to go back and ask Mr. Giles to try again, said our mother; "and then Madison take hold, with a stout heart, of what is before you, and do it and never flinch; and then she told us how every thing truly valuable was to be earned by struggling and effort, the long striving which alone could open heaven to us."

In the morning, Madison appeared with a sorry air. He was undecided, and therefore unhappy. How many inefficient boys of older growth can sympathize with him! Coveting the fruit of industry, yet incapable and unwilling to put shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand in the great battle of life.

At an early hour he went to his saw. Little by little, one stick at a time, he finished the wood necessary for the day. "I have done this," said he to himself; "I have done it—it is only saw up and saw down; what we want is to come to the point and the act, mother says." He stopped and surveyed his position: the heifer, Philip, and his mother, and last, though not least, his reputation. "I must," he declared, stamping his foot firmly on a stick, "I must make up my mind, mother says, and then do it." Upon this, he turned and walked into the house.

"Mother I will go to Mr. Giles's he said, entering the kitchen, and planting himself before her at his full height; the stoop in his back actually disappearing. She looked at him, and her countenance expressed all he could wish. I do not know what passed between him and Mr. Giles, but Madison came home that evening in the highest spirits. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "I should like to be a farmer. I like farming first rate." It was easy enough to see that his hand went with his will, and they both went right. He felt the genuine joy of conquering himself, and achieving a work. Madison had said, that when well-nigh giving up, or when he began to lag by the way, he cried aloud to his flagging energies. "Do it! Do it! a stout heart, mother says. "If I can I can rake; and after all, it is only saw up and saw down." I must help myself or nobody will, and away flew his rakes over the hay.

It was the third year of our residence in the one-story house, on a pleasant September afternoon, that Bossy entered the yard. Philip behind her, Madison by her side, now and then patting her affectionately; mother and I were in the back door awaiting her arrival.

"It is ours, our cow!" I exclaimed in ecstasy.

"She is not a beauty, mother?" exclaimed Madison, driving her so to the right, to show her broad side to the best advantage. "One of the best heifers that ever Mr. Giles had," says. Oh, mother, where's the new pair? I learned all about milking over to Mr. Giles's. See her bag; is it not a beauty mother?" As Philip threw back his hat, showing his sun-burnt features, lighted up with interest, he looked the impersonation of bright, elastic, healthy boy-hood.

Need I say that never was milk sweeter, richer, whiter than that was. Need I say, that never cow existed like Bossy, never one so fat, so amiable, so excellent. Never was cow like that cow; and why? Because we had earned her. She was the product of our toil, resolute, unflinching toil. In her my brothers tasted the sweets of achievement, as well as sweet milk.

From that time Madison never grumbled.

A change had been gradually wrought in his character. He understood what a power he possessed of doing, and he flung off his lounging, indolent and complaining habits. Ah, our mother understood a great secret, the importance of giving boys something to do, and making them work it out resolutely to the end; the activities of boyhood need to be disciplined and directed.

Boys weary of continual play, years for something to accomplish. Give it to them, and then compel steady, persevering efforts, until it be finished.

In the end they are better boys and happier boys for it.

It is the only right preparatory training to fit them for success in business, and for steady, well-directed efforts in mature life.

And this is one reason why the country possesses advantages over the city in the training of boys. In the country there is something for them to do, and space for them to do it in.

In teaching children how to become useful, parents need much forbearance and great resolution.

Parents letters from France speak more encouragingly of the condition of the commercial world. No more failures had taken place.

Cotton was selling at a rather low rates. Paris and Havre were tranquil.

Prussia.—Galignani's Messenger of March 23, says a telegram, despatch dated Metz, states that a republic has been proclaimed at Berlin.

The king was deposed, and, together with his minister, was arrested. The news is confirmed in the Paris *Journal* of 25th. That paper says, this time the fact is official. A telegraphic despatch addressed to the provisional government, located at the Bank, leaves no doubt of its authenticity. A Berlin letter states that the prince of Prussia had left for England. Before his flight the people demanded that he should relinquish all right to the throne. We learn from Berlin that all the Polish prisoners in that city have been set at liberty.

The date of these accounts leaves doubt over the news received from Metz of the proclamation of a republic.

The *Universal Gazette of Prussia*, of 23d March, states that the king had placed the properties of the state, including military stores, under the protection of the citizens and inhabitants of Berlin.

Hanover.—The king of Hanover had granted all the demands of his people.

Austria.—A new ministry had been formed.

Bavaria.—A letter from Munich of the 21st March says that the king had abdicated, and the prince royal had ascended the throne.

Poland.—A revolution had broken out in Poland. The political prisoners had been released.

(By our last account a republic had been proclaimed at Cracow.)

Italy.—A revolution was announced at Genoa, which had separated from Sardinia.

There was much excitement against the Jesuits in Naples, in consequence of which the members of that body were obliged to leave for Malta.

There was a general insurrection throughout the whole of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

Milan was in hands of the people. (Same as before.)

From the New York Express we extract the following astounding paragraph:

"We see it stated that Mr. Clef, the agent of Louis Philippe, has made overtures to purchase the Chelsea House and grounds from the Winstons (Massy) Perry Company, and has offered \$100,000 for them. It is a lovely location."

The New York Express of Monday says: "The money market is a little more stringent, the banks watch with interest the export of specie. Good notes sell in streets at 10 to 12 percent, per annum."

Government securities are very firm. Treasury Notes were in demand, at the close of the day, at 2 1/2 percent."

The present population of the United States, according to the Commissioner of Patents, is 20,743,400.

I propose to leave the dry, dusty city, for a Sabbath at Philip's. The Sabbath is truly a Sabbath there, so peace-seeking and so full of love.

Madison holds an important post in the extensive firm of Giles & Co. He is a younger brother of old Giles, the farmer, Madison's first master, who now gave him as warm a welcome as any one in the village. "Do you remember the morning that you came back to work? But thank your mother for that," said the old gentleman, chuckling and shaking Madison's hand with a right hearty shake. Yes, Madison earned the character which Mr. Giles gave him to his city brother. Behold what it has gained for him.

It is Monday morning, and we have just returned to town. I never enter the city and my office, after leaving Philip's without feeling myself a better man; a more tranquil, sober, home-loving, God-fearing man; and shall I add, it is a greater shrinking from the toils and perplexities of city life. But, "never frown," sounds in my ear, "take hold with a stout heart, my son, of whatever lies before you;" and the well-remembered accent of my mother's voice prompts me to do.

But sad news awaits me. Cousin Madison Jones is dead. He died poor, and a broken-hearted desolate man. His sons have ruined him. Un governed, idle and dissolute, they have brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. The last time I saw him, it was my happiness to befriend him. "Thank you! thank you!" exclaimed, kindly and gratefully. I could not realize it was the proud, rich man, who was the terror of my boyhood. "You are a boy! I see your mother had the right of it." Jane was right; she taught you not to be afraid of work. That big yard and barn won't for nothing; if could live my life over again!" upon which he drew a deep sigh, and arose to go.

Poor cousin Madison! Ah yes! I would go to all cousin Madisons, that we were early indoctrinated, patiently, courageously "to save up and save down;" that was the secret of my mother's management, and of overcoming the thousand obstacles to advancement and success which young men, without property or influential friends must, necessarily meet with in the world of business; and if necessary for the business of life, is this patient, courageous, pains-taking course? Does it not constitute that striving which the Savior speaks of, by which we can also secure peace and purity, God's blessing and heaven at last?

So ends the brief record of my friend's life.

Two DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Packet-ship *Duchess of Orleans*, Capt. Richardson, arrived at New York on Wednesday forenoon from Havre, whence she sailed on the 27th March. She brings advices from Paris to the 26th, and later news from other parts of the continent, showing that the march of republicanism is onward. We give the reports to the evening papers—

France.—Capt. Richardson states that the greatest excitement prevailed at Paris and Havre. The rich were apprehensive of being killed by the poor. The military were called out in Havre on the 27th, for the purpose of stopping any outrage which might take place. Large failures continued to take place, protested bills in the Bank of France was 2,704,000 francs. Admiral Baudin had declined receiving a salary of 5000 francs as member of the bureau of longitude. Mr. Sabrier had donated 20,000 francs to the provisional government. A large number of Germans and Belgians were leaving Paris for home. Arrests had been made for destroying railroads. Disturbances had broken out at Agen, where were suppressed by the national guard and by the people. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte had joined the national guard as a private.

Revolutions, not only in the political, moral and religious, but in almost every sphere of human action, and may we not say, revolutions for the better, distinguishing this country pre-eminently from its predecessors. Both land-carriages and water-carriages, modes of transmitting information, the art of printing, and nearly all the innumerable processes of manufacture, have been revolutionized—reconstructed upon new and more correct principles, and with results of unbounded beneficence. No power on earth can arrest this tendency. It widens and deepens, and rolls onward with irresistible force, sweeping governments and social institutions from their ancient foundations, overturning all usages and practices which do not rest upon uprightness and justice.

We see these changes going on all around us, yet we see but their beginning. That which has already been done, grand and victorious as it may appear, is as nothing compared with what remains to be done. We plumb ourselves upon present achievements, but the more favored future will look back upon us as having hardly commenced fulfilling the great mission of humanity. He who would keep up with the improvements of the age, even during his own period, himself must work.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

No work is more honorable, and more deserve to be watered with deeper interest than their whose lot it is to discipline the powers and faculties of the human mind. There is but one work which surpasses it in importance, and that is the training of the moral powers, and the education of the heart.

Intellectual education, in a country like ours, is ever likely to command even more than its due share of attention, because it is a mighty instrument for the attainment of power, and the promotion of temporal interests. Just at the present time it is one of the favorite matters about which there is a real amounting of interest.

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A. C. DENISON

WOULD especially entreat his friends and the public, that having bought, refitted and made large additions to the Store lately occupied by P. B. Frost—who now occupies part of the upper room—and next door to Bennett's Rail Road House is now receiving from Boston, Portland, and other sources, a large stock of

English, French, and American DRY GOODS;

W. I. Goods and Groceries,

Hard Ware and Cutlery, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,

Fish, Salt, Nails, Glass, Lime,

Plaster, Flour, &c. &c.

All of which, owing to the pressure of the money market and consequently the reduction in the price of Goods, were bought low; and being determined to do business on the **READY PAY** principle, **QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFIT**, would be happy to supply to former customers or others who are buying goods, and if low prices and good goods are any object, they shall not go away dissatisfied.

—
Wanted

In exchange for Goods or Cash, Pork, Clover and H. S. Bean, Oats, Wheat, Rye, Corn, Peas, Lumber of all kinds, &c. &c., in any quantity.

—
ALSO

50 Tons White and Brown Rags, delivered at the Paper Mill or Store.

A. C. DENISON.

Norway Village, Feb. 11, 1848.

THE SOUTH PARIS Manufacturing Company

HAVE on hand, and will continue to keep through the season, an extensive assortment of **Custumers, Satinets, Filled Cloths, Linseys**—Blanketing 2 1/4 yards wide—White, Green, Scarlet Yellow, Corvo, and Wine Colored

Flannels,

and **PRESSED CLOTH**, for dresses, manufactured expressly for their customers, which they will exchange for **WOOL** on the most favorable conditions. No Cloths will be offered which are known to be of poor quality, and full satisfaction will be made if any prove unsatisfactory.

JAMES DEERING, Agent. South Paris, May 28, 1847.

PRESSEY & BARROWS' FURNITURE & CHAIR MANUFACTORY.

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THE

THE subscribers having formed a copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the cabinet business, and taken the shop near the Wesleyan Chapel, Boston, to be conducted by William Andrews, would respectfully inform the public that they will manufacture and keep on hand

FURNITURE, of the latest style and patterns, among which may be found the following articles:

Sofas, Secretaries, Bureaus, Common, Patent Windlass and French Bedsteads—Looking glasses, Card, Pier, Centre, Grecian, Common and Toilet Tables.

Mahogany, Grecian and common Cane-seat Chairs—large and small Cane-seat Rocking-chairs, Wood-seated.

common Chairs of every description, &c. &c.

All work warranted to be of the best quality and as low as at any other establishment in the State. Orders of work promptly attended to, and repairing done at short notice.

ISAAC PRESSEY, B. G. BARROWS.

Norway, Feb. 24, 1848.

State of Maine.

OXFORD, SS.

Western District Court, November Term, 1847.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN, v. FREDERICK ELLIS, Plaintiff.

IN a plea of the case for the said Ellis, it is at Turner, in said County, on the twenty-third day of January, year 1840, by his note of hand that he had given to the Plaintiff, for value received, promissory note for one thousand dollars and twenty-six cents on demand and interest, and there afterwards on the same day the said Bray endorsed and delivered the same to the said Ludden, who thereby became the lawful owner, and in consideration thereof paid to the Plaintiff the sum according to the tenor thereof.

Also for that the said Ellis before the purchase of this note being indebted to the Plaintiff in the sum of eight dollars, according to the account annexed, that he had given to the Plaintiff, the last payment to be thirty days at least before the next Term of this Court, to be held at Oxford, on the second Tuesday of June next, that he may then and there appear and show cause, if he so have, why judgment in said action should not be rendered against him and Execution issue accordingly.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy or abstract of the writ and declaration with the Order of Court thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, HENRY YOUNG of Green-

wood in the County of Oxford, 1844, and received the Return of Deeds of the Oxford County, on the same day, Book 69, page 24, and the same day, a tract of land situated in said Greenwood as described in said Deed, to secure the payment of the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars on demand and interest annually; and whereas, no part of said sum has been paid, hereby give notice that I claim to foreclose said Mortgagor, and Execution issue accordingly.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

A true copy or abstract of the writ and declaration with the Order of Court thereon.

Attest—CHARLES ANDREWS, Clerk.

Freedom Notice.

THE undersigned would hereby give notice to all persons having goods to his son, B. G. GARLAND, his firm, to trade, or to do business for himself and shall claim none of the earnings nor pay any of his debts after this date.

JOHN L. GARLAND.

Attest—F. W. TALMOR.

Answer, March 22, 1848.

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Attest—JOSEPH G. COLE.

Paris, April 7, 1848.

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